

The Horse.

SEVEN GREAT Sires.

Conspicuous Position of a Michigan Horse.

LANSING, Mich., April 25, 1887.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a son and daughter of Louis Napoleon 207, one three, the other two years of age, that in size, style, temper and promise please me that I cannot forbear calling attention to some facts concerning Napoleon that have not been presented by their owners, and have been generally overlooked. Of all the sires of 2:30 trotters, 45 only have those with records better than 2:18, 38 of this number have one better than 2:12 trotter each. Seven have two or more, as follows:

GEORGE WILKES.	
Harry Wilkes	2:18 1/2
Guy Wilkes	2:15 1/2
Wilson	2:15 1/2
So So	2:15 1/2
DICTATOR.	
Jay Eye See	2:10
Phyllis	2:13 1/2
Director	2:17
ELECTIONEER.	
Mammoth	2:16
Antio	2:16 1/2
Adair	2:17 1/2
BLUE BIRD.	
Zoe B	2:17 1/2
Bessie	2:17 1/2
ALMONT.	
Piedmont	2:17 1/2
Fanny Witherspoon	2:17 1/2
VOLUNTEER.	
Gloster	2:17
St. Julien	2:17 1/2
LOUIS NAPOLEON.	
Charles Hilton	2:17 1/2
Jerome Eddy	2:18 1/2

These comparisons are made, not to detract from the enduring fame of others, but to put Napoleon to the severest test. Considered from the standpoint of opportunity, informed persons will concede his has been immeasurably less than that of any of the stallions named, and yet he is excelled in the number with the records chosen for the comparison, by only three: Wilkes and Dictator, who were mated with the choicest bred mares of the far famed Blue Grass region, and Electioneer, whose harem has been filled with dams of such royal lineage as Senator Stanford's unlimited wealth only can secure. Napoleon was bred at Stony Ford—made famous by that veteran, Chas. Backman, as the eastern cradle of trotters—and in 1875, at Owosso, Mich., was put in the stud by his owners, Dewey & Stewart, who had literally to beg patronage in a region where standard-bred mares were then unknown, and as yet even were very rare.

Fanny Mapes, the first standard mare bred to him, and she was by Jerome Eddy, dropped a foal in 1875. Myrtle, from a standard dam, was foaled in 1876, and all told, to the close of 1886, Napoleon has but thirty-four foals from mares standard before his colts made them so, and only eleven of this number were bred by other persons than Dewey & Stewart. Nine of these were from Fanny Mapes and save Jerome Eddy none have been developed, but put in the stud and breeding service. George Milo, owned by Dewey & Stewart, and Edmore, owned by Mayor Galbraith, of Pontiac, Michigan, brothers to Eddy, will be worked this season, and avoiding mishaps, Napoleon's list of 2:30 performers will be enlarged. Wallace credits Napoleon with five in the 2:30 list.

Fred, known as the Colman colt, undeveloped, is out of a mare of unknown breeding and he, mated with a common mare, produced Frank T., who in 1885, before four years old, trotted the Saginaw track, in 2:26 1/2, and made a record at Lansing, Mich., in spring of 1886, on a half mile track, of 2:32. In July following he trotted a mile on the Bay City half-mile track in 2:18 1/2, and in August a half in 1:07.

Brilliantine, by Napoleon, from an unknown dam, was mated with Passacusa and produced Woodmont, pacer, who as a five-year-old at Kalamazoo got a record of 2:38 1/2, and was second to Argyle in 2:17 1/2 at Cleveland, his own time for the half-mile was 1:04 and the full mile in 2:18. This was his first season, with no prior training, out of condition and sick until August.

Spinella 2:24, with 15 heats to her credit better than 2:30, is from an unknown dam. She trotted a full mile late in 1886 in 2:17, and the first week in April this year was given a mile over the Dallas, Texas, track close to 2:30, finishing it at a little better than a 2:16 gait.

Charles Hilton 2:17 1/2 is from a common mare of unknown breeding. He has to his credit 21 heats in 2:30 or better. He served Mr. Sisson as a carriage horse until the fall of 1884, when he was trained a little. At Chicago in 1885 he got a record of 2:23 1/2 in his first race, after which he was turned out. In 1886 he went down the grand circuit, getting part of each purse when entered, until he reached Hartford September 4th, where he won in the 2:21 class, taking first, fourth and fifth heats—time, 2:35 1/2, 2:17 1/2, 2:21 1/2. At Springfield, three days later, he won in the same class in straight heats, 2:23 1/2, 2:23 1/2, 2:24 1/2. Here, again, two days after he won, time 2:18 1/2, 2:19 1/2, 2:21 1/2. Here are nine heats won in five days in hard contests in which Hilton defeated Nobdy, Judge Lindsay, DeBarry, Felix and Kentworth, and made an average for the nine heats of 2:21 1/2.

Is Hilton a race horse, and did he inherit it from the unknown mare? Are Myrtle and Spinella race and game? Is Jerome Eddy, with his 21 heats clinaxed with his 1:06, and his premiership at the Jewett farm, where \$25,000 was paid for him, a race horse and a sire? Are these not numbered among the kings and queens of the turf and stud? From whence this speed, endurance and game? Is it from the common mare or is it from this son of Volunteer and Hattie Wood, combining the blood of the Hambletonian and Clay families, and to which we are indebted for George Wilkes and Electioneer? We no longer wonder that Napoleon's colts are campaigners when we recall that George Wilkes' dam was Dolly Spanker by Henry Clay 8; that Bodine 2:19; Unalala 2:23 1/2; Dick Swiveler 2:18; Dame Trot 2:22; Elaine 2:20; Prospero 2:20; Happy Thought 2:23 1/2; Gazelle 2:21 and St. Julien 2:11 are out of Clay mares, and the further fact that Napoleon's dam, Hattie Wood by Henry Clay 45, is the dam of the two great stallions Idol and Victor Von Bismark, and of Gazelle 2:21.

It is the great Hambletonian and Clay cross that sells the Wilkes and Electioneer colts at the top of the market. The best results of this ultra fashionable cross are

found in Napoleon, and when tested by the price paid for his get, Napoleon is in the very front with Eddy at \$25,000—a greater sum than was ever paid for a Wilkes or an Electioneer. No public sales have been made of his sons and daughters as of other stallions, for the reason that they are sold at private sale as fast as raised, hence this comparison is lost. If we breed for extreme speed, where can we look for it with greater promise than to Napoleon? Of his get having records under 2:30, a larger percentage of them are below 2:23 than these of any other horse having an equal or greater number of 2:30 performers; 80 per cent having records better than 2:23. The stallions most nearly approaching him are those with the same Hambletonian-Clay crosses: Electioneer having a little over 50 per cent and George Wilkes nearly 40 per cent of 2:30 performers in the 2:33 class.

Tried by the unbroken extreme speed inheritance he transmits, Napoleon stands unrivalled, as he brings to his colts an ever-increasing stream, coming down through three successive generations, as follows: Hambletonian 10, great-grand sire, got Dexter, record—made 30 years ago 2:17 1/2; Volunteer 55, grand sire, got Gloster 2:17 and St. Julien 2:11 1/2; Louis Napoleon 207, sire, got Chas. Hilton 2:17 1/2 and Jerome Eddy 2:18 1/2. This speed inheritance is unparalleled. Of colts with trials he has:

Ren Deference, quarter 3/8, record 2:29 1/2; Col. Bowers, half 1/2, 2:23 1/2, record 2:31; Semolina, in race 2:43; Clematis, record 2:49 1/2; Ben Hur, two year old, quarter 3/8, record 2:36; Lulu B, record 2:39 1/2; Symbol, record 2:31; Raymond, record 2:32; Louis Napoleon, record 2:32; Lou Howell, half 1/2, 2:34; Edmore, quarter 3/8, half 1/2, 2:35; Geo. Milo, record 2:37 1/2, 2:38 1/2; Tom Wood, record 2:37; General Hampton, record 2:38; Duster, at three years old, half 1/2, 2:42; Count Orloff, quarter 3/8, half 1/2, 2:48.

Of Volunteer's twenty-seven 2:30 performers, sixteen have records below 2:25, ten below 2:23 and five below 2:20. That this volume of speed transmission is in full force in Napoleon his offspring demonstrate. Space forbids mention of as fine a lot of undeveloped youngsters coming on as ever honored a sire, and who only need the hand of a trainer to double Napoleon's 2:30 list. That this horse is of great substance, commanding presence and sire's campaigners is known of all. The breeder asks one more question: Does he impart the power to transmit this speed and quality to his offspring? This is no longer a problem, as witness grandsons and granddaughters as follows:

A. G. Dewey at three years, trial half 1/2, 2:25; Lady May at four years old, trial 2:43; Lady Thomas at three years old, race 2:47; Cora Bell, in race 2:54, record 2:59 1/2; Sirocco, quarter 3/8, mile 2:34, record 2:37; Lizzie O, two years old, record 2:47; Lucy M, in race 2:49; Haelet, record 2:59 1/2.

Woodmont, by a Napoleon dam, and Frank T., a grandson in the male line, Jerome Eddy, with his hundred colts of solid bay, made priceless by the Jewett, and whose speed promise is unsurpassed by the get of any horse. Had Napoleon found his way to Kentucky rather than Michigan what a roll of honor would have been his.

Another most important quality of Napoleon is that, unlike many great sires, he is not confined to a given class of mares in order to sire speed, but has proven his potency in a marked degree, regardless of the origin of the dam, showing that to him the power to transmit speed is given in such strength and volume that the coldest blood is quickened by him.

Of the seven sires whose fame is raised high above all others by the number of their get capable of extreme speed, three are dead, Volunteer is impotent, and Dictator, Electioneer and Napoleon only remain. To those who cannot cross the Mississippi or the Ohio to mate their dams, the only one of this grand trio in reach is Volunteer's most notable son, and wise will the breeder be who sends his choicest brood mare to secure some of this truly Napoleonic blood.

S. J. KILBOURNE.

Horse Gossip.

The privilege of selling pools at the June meeting in St. Louis has been sold, it is stated, for \$25,000.

The Mason Democrat says: M. A. Bement, of Vevay, has sold his pacing mare by trophy, to M. J. Bement, of Mason, for \$500, being \$100 in cash and another horse for which \$200 was refused.

It is announced that the wealthy Congressman, Mr. W. L. Scott, who has within a few years invested over half a million in a farm and stock of thoroughbreds, has decided to close out the whole establishment.

Goliath, by Baywood, out of Maggie Emerson, is reported as being the first choice at the Kentucky Derby, pools selling at three to one in Goliath's favor. He started in three races last season, won three, was second once, and third three times, the balance unplaced.

The promising racer, Adeline, while being exercised at the Jockey Club track at Lexington, Ky., two weeks ago, ran into the fence and broke his shoulder. He was shot soon afterward to end his misery. His jockey, Charlie Taylor, was so badly injured that he died two days later.

The new grand stand to be erected in this city in time for the summer trotting meeting is to be similar to but smaller than that on the grounds of the Latonia Jockey Club at Covington, Ky. It will have a seating capacity of 2,500. The ladies' stand will seat 1,000; and the cost of the improvements to be made will reach at least \$10,000.

The Farm.

Pasturing Cows Early.

It used to be the unvarying rule never to allow cows to get even a bite of grass until it attained size to make a good pasture without other food. The reason assigned was that cows would not eat dry feed so well, and not getting grass enough, or it not having the substance to sustain milk production, the yield would decrease and the cows grow poorer. "Between hay and grass" thus naturally came to be the phrase expressing the condition of cattle that did not get enough to eat. It was certainly bad enough when, as sometimes happened, both hay and grass were deficient. But with plenty of hay the evils of eating green food were always exaggerated. Cows, when turned out to pasture in early spring, need some dry fodder to offset the greed, laxative food they pick. They will eat straw greedily at such times if they cannot get hay. It is quite possible that they will not eat of either straw or hay enough to bring the yield of milk up to what it should be.

When cows get on full pasture in June it is a milk and butter producing food, hard for any artificial rations to equal. But the deficiency may be partly supplied by grain, milk feed or meal. Where a mess of slop with bran and meal mixed is given, with as much dry food as they will eat, the earliest food of grass will do no injury to the cow, either making her condition poorer or decreasing the milk yield. Grass will, even in very small quantities, impart a better flavor to milk or butter than can be given by any other feed. Old pastures give more and sweeter herbage if kept closely cropped through the season, and to do this they must be pastured early, or some parts will become old and tough, thus remaining uncut, while the grass beside them is cropped down to the soil. If cows are given grass early in small quantities there will be no danger of their becoming bloated or hoven when given all they can devour later. The sudden change from dry to green food or the reverse should be avoided as far as possible.—American Cultivator.

The Blossoming of Timothy.

The N. E. Farmer says: To the naked eye of the ordinary observer there is but one kind of blossom on timothy, the others are pollen producing organs, which are hung out in pleasant mornings, early in July, along the length of the head or flower stalk, and which dry up and are blown away during the day, or after the period of their usefulness is past. There is about as much sense in speaking of a second blossoming of a timothy head, as there would be to speak of a second ripening of berries on a huckleberry bush or cherries on a cherry tree. A timothy head is a very large collection of flowers each perfect in itself. The flowers are crowded very closely along the entire length of the head, like the flowers of wheat or rye, which they much resemble. Some of the flowers are more forward than others, but in favorable weather they follow one another closely, from day to day, for a week or more. The different parts of the timothy flower are the husk, which contains the more delicate and vital parts, the pistil with its ovary, feathery stigmas and anthers.

The ovary corresponds to the young kernel of corn on the cob, the stigmas to the corn silk, and the anthers to the parts which are shed from the plumes of the corn plant after blooming.

There are two sexes in the timothy flower precisely as there are in the flowers of Indian corn, the difference being in the position of the flowers in the two plants. In timothy both flowers are in the same husk, which later will contain the seed. In corn the male flowers are usually several feet above the husks which contain the embryo seeds. Corn, however, sometimes produces seed close to the male flowers at the end of the ears, as all farmers must have noticed. The belief in a distinct second blossoming of timothy is the result of careless methods of observation, or the want of method in observing carefully the several parts of the real flowers. Almost any common garden lily will quite fairly represent or illustrate the habits and general form of the single flowers of our grasses.

A Study of Seed—Advantages of Change and Selection.

Although but little has been written on this subject, it is a matter worthy the most careful consideration of all who have anything to do with seeds. That great benefits are derived in some cases from changing seed, not only from one climate to another, but even to different soils, cannot be doubted. Seeds often become soil-sick and climate-sick, like people, need change and are affected beneficially when that change is made. It is generally considered that all fruits, vegetables and seeds do best when grown in their own native soil. Is this true? Is it a fact applicable to all seeds and plants? Take cotton, for instance. Cotton seed was brought to Texas from Yucatan where it was found to be indigenous. Being planted and cultivated in Texas it produced better staple and more of it than in Yucatan. Seed was imported from Africa, British India and the islands of the Mediterranean into the Southern States with the same result, showing that in temperate regions. It is a noted fact that the further north wheat can be grown the shorter its period of maturity. Seed taken from Canada to Kentucky, Ohio or Colorado ripens earlier than the wheat raised in these States. But the seed the second year loses this quality to a great extent and follows in the same line of the wheats of these States. In Sweden advantage is taken of this in annually bringing seed wheat from the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, nearly under the Arctic circle, and sowing it in land so much exposed to cold that ordinary wheat has scarcely time to ripen.

Wheats from the Mediterranean—their own native habitat—when brought to this climate improve so greatly in color, yield and quality that they, when compared, cannot be recognized as the same. Of the 135 different varieties of wheat, 91 of oats, 15 of barley and 8 of rye received at the Colorado Agricultural College from foreign countries the last seven years, not one but

has made better grain than that received. Changing seed has long been practiced by a few farmers in the different States and often with excellent results—but the change must be frequently repeated. Some seeds run out in a short time and become worthless because the soil and climate do not agree with them, and often from want of judicious selection. This is the fact with field crops to a greater degree than garden vegetables. For instance, onion seeds coming from Africa and grown in the Eastern States do well for one or two seasons, and then become worthless. Potatoes taken from a cold climate to the Southern States grow well the first year, but fail to make pump tubers and a good crop after that. Oats coming from Canada, Scotland and Ireland make a larger yield in some of the Western States than where they came from for one or two seasons, and after that lapse into the same condition of production and quality as other oats. One reason for this is that when they are grown out of their own range (every plant has its native region) they soon deteriorate and require to be renewed from seed grown in that native region.

Another reason for changing seeds from one locality to another is that the accidents and insects that prey upon them prefer some varieties to others, and the accidents and insects are more abundant in those localities where the varieties upon which they prey are most cultivated. While a change of seed is beneficial, selection, very important and closely connected with it, should claim as much if not more attention from the farming community. Much is being done by a few to make our best seeds better. Selecting the best, crossing like species, hybridizing, fertilizing, cultivating, irrigating and transplanting are all resorted to accomplish the work so necessary and important to make the base of all occupations successful. Selection promotes vitality, improves germination, advances growth, defines the character of plants, increases the yield and furnishes better grain for reproduction. Every favor bestowed upon the cereals, in particular, shows a corresponding satisfaction in yield and quality. By a judicious system of selection the period of maturity of corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and other seeds can be greatly shortened. This is done by taking for seed the ears or heads that mature earliest. By selection, larger heads, more perfect grain and a greater amount of it can be grown on a given space with the same fertility and at the same expense. The stover by the same means can be reduced and the grain increased. Seed must be selected every year. The "seed patch," like the yeast pot, must be kept full and fresh to propagate the best, not only to make it better, but to keep up the standard of those that have reached the limit of improvement, if for such there be.—Prof. Blount, in N. Y. Tribune.

Agricultural Items.

FOR potatoes, onions and salafy, N. J. Shepherd says good wood ashes are particularly valuable.

Forty gallons of oil worth \$16, and 800 lbs. of meal, worth \$8, are the products of a ton of cotton seed worth \$5.

MONTANA proposes to shear one million sheep this year from which eight million pounds of wool will be cut.

A FIRST-CLASS vinegar can now be made from sweet potatoes, and a factory is to be located in Davidson County, Ky.

The Prairie Farmer says a silo is only a very big preserving can, in which the forage is cooked by its over-fermentation.

It is estimated that about one thousand silos will be built in Wisconsin this year, the outcome of the discussions about this method of preserving fodder at the numerous institutes held in the State last winter.

PAPER treated by some process which makes it closely resemble parchment is the latest wrapping for butter. When wet with brine it is nearly impervious to air, and hence well preserves the delicate flavor of the butter.

A SAMPLE of Deitz longberry wheat sent the Indiana Farmer, shows 29 separate stalks from one seed. This variety took the first premium for red wheat at the Indiana State fair, is said to winter well, and "beats everything" to tiller.

FINES amounting to \$5,000 were imposed upon dealers in oleomargarine who had failed to comply with the requirements of the law, in New York city, in a single day, and 56 indictments were disposed of.

A COW that has nothing but corn fodder in the field, and straw on the stack, and a straw-stack for shelter in winter, is not in condition to do profitable work for two months after she goes to pasture, and she never will do as well as she would have done had she been well cared for during the winter.—Indiana Farmer.

AN Ohio farmer thinks that "grub in the head" in sheep is only another name for poverty and poor feed. Sheep put into winter quarters on the sunny side of a straw-stack, in poor flesh, and kept on short commons, will be very apt to die of what the owner may call grub, or anything else he pleases.

AN Indiana dairyman tells how he improved his dairy cattle: "I learned that my dairy produced 150 pounds of butter per cow annually, which did not leave me a satisfactory profit. I then commenced to test my individual cows for percentage of cream and weight of milk. I found the weight of milk to range from 18 to 40 pounds, and the percentage of cream to vary from seven to 20 in the different cows. I afterwards put an idea that this was not sufficiently accurate, and then I tested all my cows, (40 in number at this time), by setting the milk separate, and skimming and churning separate. In this test I learned that I had cows that would only pay for the feed consumed, and that I had others that would pay a profit of \$50 per year, after paying for feed. I commenced to weed out my unprofitable cows, and filled their places with better ones, or with heifers from my best cows. I think it very important that a dairyman should know his best cows, and raise the better calves from them. During this time I changed from summer to winter dairying. By a few years of this work I increased the butter yield of my dairy from 150 to 220 pounds per cow, and increased the profit above cost of feed, from \$30 to \$15 per cow.

The Poultry Yard.

The Best Crosses for the Farmer.

The farmer does not devote much time to the development of points in poultry, nor does he really give preference to any particular breed until he has tested it. This is due to the fact that fowls multiply rapidly and mature in a few months, which places the best breeds always within reach. Knowing this, the farmer endeavors to secure good results by crossing the breeds in order to combine not only egg-production and weight of carcass, but also attractiveness, hardiness and quality of flesh.

As a rule, the majority of farmers know nothing about the breeding of their poultry, and it is a fact too apparent that many farmers cannot point out the difference between a Cochins and Brahma, or a Dominique and Plymouth Rock, a state of affairs that is only equalled by a carpenter who does not know pine from oak. Until farmers make themselves more familiar with the breeds and their characteristics, they cannot engage in poultry raising intelligently, and they will make many mistakes, to be ascribed to the fowls when the poultryman himself alone is at fault.

In crossing breeds, the first point to be sought is early maturity, so as to be able to hatch pullets in April and have them lay in the fall, or on the approach of winter. The next is to breed them so as to secure hardiness, size and small combs. The size of the comb has more to do with winter laying than may be supposed, for the larger the comb the greater the surface exposure, and as hens with frosted combs will not lay until the combs heal, the liability should be avoided. Size and quality of the carcass are more important matters, as a pound or two more weight sometimes makes a difference of 25 per cent. in the sales. If the flock is composed of common hens, it may be improved in two or three seasons by the use of males only; but it is better to use pure breeds, as then the characteristics of the foundation stock will be better understood.

An excellent cross is that of the Light Brahma cock with White Leghorn hens. Some advise crossing the other way—using a Leghorn cock—but there is quite a difference, the offspring of the Brahma cock having smaller combs and larger bodies, and proving quite as early and prolific as the other cross. If kept warm and comfortable, the pullets of the cross named will lay well during the winter, and if not made too fat, will not be persistent sitters. Any breed of fowls will make sitters if they become very fat, not excepting even the non-sitters. If the pullets of this cross be kept and mated with a Plymouth Rock or Dorking cock the produce will be equal to any other for market, and it is here suggested that the Dorking is not given that consideration as a market fowl it justly deserves. The Dorking here is only a moderate layer, but the cocks, as sires of market poultry, have no superior, especially if used for crossing.

The Minore cock mated with Langshan hens makes an excellent cross, the pullets from such laying unusually large-sized eggs; but the black color of the plumage does not commend it for market, yet in quality of flesh it is superior to many breeds with yellow skin and legs. If such pullets be crossed with a white Game cock, however, the white will predominate, and a fowl will be produced being one-half Game, one-fourth Langshan and one-fourth Minore, that cannot be excelled for the table, as it is acknowledged that the Game leads all other breeds for that purpose.

For hardiness the Asiatics have the lead, and for that reason should always be in crosses. Their large size serves to increase the weight when the non-sitting breeds are used with them, in order to promote egg production, but whenever crosses are made for market not only must compactness of body be obtained, but yellow legs and skin also. For capons a cross of the Dorking cock on the Brahma hen is best, and for a general purpose cross that of the Plymouth Rock cock on Wyandotte hens is excellent, as the cross makes not only good layers but fine broilers and market fowls.—Rural New Yorker.

The Cincinnati Enquirer gives this remedy for "bumble-foot" in fowls: When wet and feet swell up and fill with matter, wait till each swelling ripens fairly, cut open the puffy protrusion and let out the gathering pus freely. The incision should be made carefully (thus, X) and quite down to the bone or ligament beneath the skin. Cleanse out the matter and wash in a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and water.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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It is caused directly by impurities in the blood, usually affecting the bile passages, and resulting in swellings, enlarged glands, abscesses, sores, blotchy eruptions on the face or neck. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, by purifying the blood, forces the impurities from the system.

Through the kidneys flow the waste fluid containing poisonous matter. If the kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained, and poisons the blood, causing pain in the small of the back and loins, flushes of heat, chills. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA acts as a diuretic, causing the kidneys to resume their natural functions.

By irregularity in its action or by suspension of its functions, the bile passages the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, weak eyes, biliousness, a languid, weary feeling. These are relieved at once by the use of BULL'S SARSAPARILLA the great blood re-cleanser.

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THE LIVER. The liver is the largest organ of the body, and is situated in the upper right part of the abdomen. It is the seat of the bile, and its functions are to secrete bile, and to store up food for the system.

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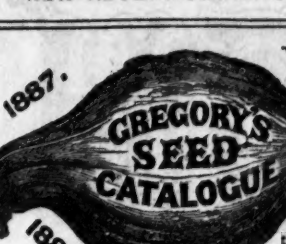
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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1887. GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE. 1887. The farmer who wishes to save his crops from the ravages of the London Purple Potato Bug, should order a copy of this catalogue. It contains full particulars of the London Purple Potato Bug, and the best means of destroying it. It also contains full particulars of the best seeds for sale, and the best methods of raising them. It is a valuable work for every farmer, and is sold at a low price. Order a copy today.

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Horticultural.

THE FERTILITY OF THE SOIL—HOW SHALL WE KEEP IT UP?

At the February meeting of the Lenawee Horticultural Society, Mr. R. J. Laing read a paper on this subject, which we give verbatim. We think it discusses a question too frequently lost sight of by horticulturists, especially orchardists, who forget what a severe drain upon the soil must be made to mature the trees of an orchard and then produce heavy yields of fruit. It is not probable that many of the trials of the fruit-grower come from a failure of the soil to furnish sufficient nutriment to keep the trees healthy and able to repel attacks of disease? Mr. Laing said:

"This is a question of the utmost importance to every tiller of the soil, whether he be an agriculturist in the broadest sense of the term, or confining himself to horticultural pursuits only. Still his success in either must depend, to a very large degree, upon the fertility of the soil. Indeed this must ever be the real source of a nation's wealth. Nature has provided for this in its natural state by the falling leaf of the forest, and by the decaying of the annual vegetation of the prairie or the plain. And when taken in hand by man, and reclaimed from its native state, it usually responds generously to the touch of the husbandman, and yields an ample reward for the labor of his hands. And right here is where care should be exercised, that we presume not to largely upon its generosity, by continuing to take from its resources year after year, without returning anything therefor, until our land is impoverished and poverty itself stares us in the face. I admit that for a proper handling of this subject, one should have a knowledge of the chemical properties of his soil, and this few of us who have reached the meridian of life possess, a knowledge which our agricultural college, and the many higher schools of the land, give our young men a chance to acquire, an opportunity which, I trust, they will not be slow to improve. Neither shall I be able to speak of commercial fertilizers, for I have had no experience with them, but deem them at best expensive manures, and only to be resorted to in extreme cases. I shall have to speak from my own experience and observation of the success or failures of others around me, a school in which very much may be learned and in which none of us are too old to be pupils. First, then, I would say a proper drainage is absolutely essential if your land is wet, for, as Senator Palmer once said on this subject, 'As well might you expect crops to grow on the bosom of Lake Erie as on land flooded or saturated with water half of the year.' Then unless your soil is already so impoverished that it will not catch some clover, keep on sowing clover, with a judicious rotation of crops and pasturage, seeding every third or fourth year at farthest, you will be on the sure road to success. As to the best mode of using clover there are various opinions, some using the land for pasture and meadows, depending only upon the soil, roots and the properties which it seems to bring from the atmosphere; others preferring to plow under green, thereby utilizing both roots and soil, still others let it grow for the season, and fall down upon the land, pasturing very light, if at all, thereby covering and shading the land and plowing the next season, which I think to be the best, if your soil is very much reduced, for it seems to be Nature's plan. But just here another dilemma sometimes stares us in the face. Our soil has already been so reduced that clover will not catch, or, if catching at all, there is not sufficient vitality in the soil to carry it through, and the first drought that comes it is gone, so that we must resort to other requisites, the chief of which is barnyard manure. Indeed this should be the great pre-requisite, and it is only for the want of it in sufficient quantities that we are obliged to resort to any other, for it probably contains of itself more nearly than any other, all the elements needed by the soil. To horticulturists and market gardeners living near cities or large towns, a plentiful supply of this may generally be had, which should be used judiciously but freely. Where this cannot be procured substitutes must be resorted to, such as the plowing in of buckwheat, rye, Hungarian grass, etc. Here care must be exercised and the nature of your soil consulted. For a stiff clay which has become dry and hard use buckwheat freely, for nothing loosens a soil more thoroughly than this, but for light sand, which is already too loose, never; for it will make your soil so loose that a warranty deed will not hold it, and the first heavy wind that comes, your next neighbor will get a very large portion of your farm. For such use rye or Hungarian grass to plow in, also liberal use of refuse salt for a top dressing, with all the ashes, leached or unleached, you can get. For seeding such lands thus treated, I would recommend for a crop, the use of spring rye, at the rate of about one bushel per acre, with eight quarts of clover, and in this way I never failed to get a seedling. And now one other matter of which I wish to speak before closing, which is the making and saving of our barnyard manures, which to the general farmer is one of the greatest importance. The practice of some farmers of selling their straw stack to the paper mills, and hauling away to market all coarse grain and fodder, is suicidal in the extreme, for while it may sometimes bring us more ready money, it must eventually result in an impoverished soil, our drafts upon it dishonored, and our source of revenue gone. We should then pursue a more mixed system of husbandry, raising, perhaps, less grain and more stock, feeding all coarse grain and fodder upon the farm, not that we should carry all the stock we can possibly scrimp through the winter, but on the other hand carrying just enough, so that by generous feeding we may convert all our surplus feed into the best of beef and pork and mutton, remembering that good stock is always at a premium, while poor must always go begging on the market. Thus making and preserving all the manure possible, housing it if practicable, but if not at least so arranging our yards that its liquids may not be drained into the nearest stream or cesspool, and thereby be utterly lost. Thus treated we need never fear but that our soils will yield generously to our demand upon them, and we may rest con-

fidently in the assurance of Him who said: 'Seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night, shall not fail thee.'

SOME REASONS WHY TREES DIE OUT.

"Some three years ago I set out an acre of pear trees and two of peaches, and at least one half of them have died," said a well-to-do farmer to me recently. "How old were the trees when planted?" I said. "Two years old; nice healthy thrifty looking trees were they." "Yes; is your land good?" "None better." "Thoroughly underdrained?" "Well, no, but dry enough." "Before your trees were planted were they cut back?" "No." "Were they ever cultivated?" "Not at all." "Did the blight attack any of your pears?" "Yes." "Did you cut away any of the dead wood?" "No." "Did the yellows or borers attack your peaches?" "Something did, I guess, for over half of them died." The above are only a few of the reasons why planters lose valuable fruiting stock. Some there be who are ignorant of the many diseases and insect ravages to which trees are subject, while others seem to be careless and indifferent as to whether their purchases shall live or die, survive or perish; then when they do so perish, the unfortunate nurseryman, agent or dealer, comes in for a share of abuse.

Salt On Onions.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, writing of the effect of salt on the soil, says: "Salt should not be used on cold, heavy or moist soils, and if any one does, he will be disappointed in the result, as its tendency is to keep the ground cool and moist. It will do such soil more harm than good. It should not be cast upon very young and tender plants of any kind, as it will be very sure to kill them. Judgment should be employed in using so strong and active an agent, but I think, indeed I know, that some men do not use any. I had a friend in Stark who heard me in a lecture recommend salt on onion beds, when I strictly urged that it should be dragged or worked in before the seed was sown; but forgetting what I said, or thinking it would make no difference, he did not salt until the onions were about two inches high, and it killed them all; which he laments to me, and meant to give me a fearful scolding, but sowing another root crop that turned out splendidly, he gave up the scolding. Had he waited until the tops were as big as a large pipe-stem, he might have covered the ground an inch deep, and his onions would have done finely. Onions should be sown on the same ground year after year, as they continue to improve. There are yards a hundred years old, and their yields would astonish the common grower. The tops when cut off should be scattered over the ground (do not leave them in lumps), as they make the best food for the growing onions, then sow salt, and then put on a coat of manure. I do not think salt is much of a fertilizer in itself, though plants take it up, as you can tell by tasting and by the stiffening and glazing of straw of a plant grown in salted ground. I think it acts upon and assimilates the gross matter in the soil so as to make it available food. I learned the use of salt from the late Gen. Wadsworth of Genesee, who told me he sowed from 75 to 100 barrels on his home farm every fall, at the rate of two to the acre. I followed his rule, but sowed in spring, as I plowed then, and every spring put two barrels to the acre on all my plowed ground as long as I kept it up—usually four years—and dragged it in. Having a hill-side pasture which could not be easily plowed, I thought I would try salt, which I did on one-half of it, casting on also what little wood ashes I had, and the result was surprising. It killed all the weeds but the thistles, and caused a rapid and great growth of grass; and I doubt if one of my horses, cattle or sheep went on the unsalted part to feed during the whole season. The next season I sowed the other part in the same way, and so on for two or three years, until thoroughly redeemed. Wheat, grass, onions, potatoes, and most root crops will stand a ton and a half to an acre, though it is not necessary to use this quantity, as they will thrive well with less."

The Bartlett Pear.

Mr. E. M. Wood, of the New England Farmers' Club, recently noted the fact that though the Bartlett pear does not bring as high a price as some sorts, it is so well and favorably known, and so extensively used in canning factories, that there is little danger of overdoing its culture. Mr. Wood gave the following illustration of the ease with which the Bartlett is marketed: A few years ago, before President's Stockney's death, he grew pears more extensively than any other man near Boston. I was riding with him once and asked what varieties were best to set out, for the purpose of selling in the market, supposing I could set out one hundred trees. He said a hundred Bartletts. Then I said: "You would not agree with Cal. Wilder." But he replied: "Yes, probably I do, but my experience is that the Bartlett matures in September, and I can drive my team into the orchard and pick a load and go into the market and sell it for money and put it in my pocket and come home and put up my team, and the thing is done. They may not bring as much as some other varieties, but I sell right from the tree. There is no putting them into my fruit house, or into a shady and cool place, and there is no picking them over in the latter part of the season, and there is no repacking them. But it is all done in a day. I get my money and am better satisfied with the result than I am to grow any other fruit." "Well," said I, "supposing it should be done generally, would not the thing be done?" "No, sir, no, sir, no, sir," he said. "You will never live to see it overdone. The demand will grow faster than the supply, and you, and no man of your age, will see it overdone. Now, you will notice that when you go by any first-class grocery or provision store, you will see arranged in the windows after can of these beautiful Bartlett pears, divided into halves, looking clear and white, and the most attractive thing in the windows. Everybody buys them, and everybody knows about them."

People will continue to buy them, and there is no danger of overdoing it."

Hints for the Garden.

Annual flowers should be sown as soon as possible, and yet not before the soil is so dry as to powder when pressed firm. Seeds should be sown shallow and then the soil firmed. Seeds want moisture to make them grow, but they must also have air. One is an evil without the other. If deep, they get only water, in which they can rot. If entirely on the surface they get only air, and then they dry up.

Why beat the soil so firm? An important principle lies herein. Large spaces in soil enable the earth to dry out rapidly. Small spaces, on the other hand, hold water. Crushing earth when dry gives it these small spaces, or, as gardeners call it, makes it porous, and thus our seed should be set where they will be near the air and fixed so they shall be regularly moist.

Prune shrubs, roses and vines. Those which flower from very young wood, cut in severely to make new growth vigorous. Tea, China, Bourbon and Noisette roses are of this class. What are called annual flowering roses, as Prairie Queen and so on, require much of last year's wood to make a good show of flowers. Hence with these, thin out weak wood and leave all the stronger.

To make handsome, shapely specimens of shrub, cut them now into the forms desired, and keep them so by pulling out the shoots that grow stronger than the others during the summer season. The rule for planting at transplanting time is to cut in proportion to apparent injury in roots. If not much worse for removal, cut but little of the top away. Pruned properly, a good gardener will not have the worst case of a badly dug tree to die under his hands. In nurseries where these matters are well understood, trees seldom or never die.

Hyacinths, tulips, lilies and other hardy bulbs set out in the fall, and covered through the winter, should be occasionally examined, and when they show signs of active growth must be uncovered. It is not safe to commence this work too early.

A good knowledge of watering is at the bottom of success with window flowers. Water must run in readily and run out readily. When a plant is watered, it is a good sign to see the water rush out at once into the saucer through the bottom of the pot. If it does not do that something is wrong.

Roots want air as well as water, alternating rapidly with each other. The water drives out the foul air, and when the water is gone, new and fresh air takes the place. Hence water has a ventilating duty to perform, as well as to actually furnish liquid food for plants.

The query is often made whether or not manure water should be given to pot plants. Plants like rich food, but the richness of soil is taken up by the water and carried away, hence the continual waterings leach the soil, and in time make it very poor, so manure water is excellent in a well-drained soil. It restores to the soil, in some measure, what other waterings have taken away. Hence if your plants are making a thrifty growth, use manure water. Those with fine delicate foliage do not require much of it, while coarse-leaved plants, like geraniums and cinerarias, may take a great deal; guano, or the sweepings of a pen or dove-cote, will do well for the purpose.

The beginner may make the manure water too strong; that is, may kill the plants. Use this fertilizer so that it colors the water only to the extent that very thin coffee would. For a beginner, with such articles as are mentioned above, use only as much with the water as you would of coffee for a fair-sized family breakfast. Warm water has never been found injurious in any case where ordinary discretion was used. Many find it no advantage, but cold water keeps back a little the growth of plants. If warm water be used they will flower sooner. Sometimes pot plants suffer from fungus at the roots, or from insects. The hot water is of great service. Water at 150 degrees, or even slightly hotter, will kill fungus and insects, and in no way injure the roots. Whether plants seem sick or not, they are usually benefited by a dose of hot water. Try lightly at first and learn by observation just how much the plant will bear.

In vegetable-growing, deep, rich soil, now so generally condemned for fruit gardens, is of the first importance. Soil cannot be too rich or too deep, if we would have good vegetables. While, for instance, we have to get sunlight to give the best richness to our fruits, our vegetables are usually best when blanched or kept from the light. So, also, as we keep the roots as near the surface as we can, in order to favor the woody tissue in trees, we like to let them go deep in vegetables, because this favors succulence.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

The Currant Clear-wing.

Prof. C. Whitehead, in the *Horticultural Times* (England) says: "Frequently in currant plantations and in gardens, it is seen that the ends of the shoots of the bushes of black, red and white currants die off. This extends sometimes to all the shoots and branches, so that the whole bush is killed, and it is attributed generally to the unsuitable conditions of the soil or sub-soil, or to some natural weakness of the bush. Upon a close investigation of the injured part it will be seen that the pith of the shoot or branch is perforated, and if the shoot is cut through longitudinally distinct traces of a boring insect will be visible, and at the end of the burrow the caterpillar itself will be found, if it has not assumed the garb of the web and flown away. Professor Lintner describes this insect as destructive to currant trees in the United States, and remarks that it was imported from Europe. It is well known in Germany and in France."

This moth (*Agrotia tipicalis*) belongs to the family *Agrotidae*. The body is nearly eight lines long, and ends with a kind of brush, and is of a lustrous black or very dark blue color, having yellow bands round it. About the beginning of June the perfect insect appears, and deposits its eggs among the current stems. Shortly after this the larva is hatched and bores into the stem to the pith, where it remains in a larval condition until the spring, and then the pupal state is assumed. The larva or caterpillar is large and fleshy, of a dirty white color, having 16 feet.

"When the tips of the currant bushes die, examination should be made to discover if there are caterpillars within the shoots. In this case all those shoots that show any signs of withering must be cut off and burned. As the cuttings of fruit bushes and trees are harbors for all kinds of insects injurious to them, it is highly important that they should be removed at once after they are cut off, and burned. This should be insisted upon by all fruit-growers, and particularly after an attack of insects."

Blue Roses, Half-Pound Strawberries and Cinnamon Vines.

The wily tree dealer who sells blue roses, curculio-proof plums, strawberries as large as red Astrachan apples and the many other inventions of his fertile brain must look with admiration at the progress which many of the plant and seed dealers are making in his direction. That some one, without reputation, should try to gull the public with an advertisement of "the beautiful and fragrant cinnamon vine," displaying an elaborate notice for the purpose, would scarcely deserve notice, although the said cinnamon vine is nothing more nor less than the Chinese yam, introduced into the country 25 years ago. The obscurity of the advertiser would naturally make people shy of him; but when some of our leading and well-known firms stoop to the same practice, it is, to say the least, degrading an honorable trade. A late advertisement displays an engraving of a large three-story house, the face of which, up to the roof, is covered with a vine literally clothed with large white flowers, and in the sky is the full moon, of which each of the flowers is supposed to be a smaller representative. This plant is advertised as the Moon flower, without any other name being given. It is nothing more or less than the well-known *Ipomoea Bona Nox*.

In one of the most widely circulated magazines of this month appears an elaborate engraving of a landscape with some hills in the foreground, and this plant is heralded as the "Beautiful Coral Lily of Siberia," with some very pathetic nonsense of its cheering the exile on his sad journey. No other name is given, but it is simply *Lilium tenuifolium*. This style of advertising we can characterize fully with no other name than trickery. Though the articles themselves may be good, the public are deceived by trumped up names, and are led to purchase what they may perhaps already have. Though the last two cases mentioned are by well known plant dealers the practice is none the less reprehensible, and if the trade is expected to maintain the high standard of honor that has heretofore attached to it such deceptive advertising must be shunned and condemned by all its members.—*Vicks' Magazine.*

The Bloom upon the Grape.

This delicate covering to the skin of the grape, I think, has been little studied, but seems to demand some attention, for nature always has an end in view. I have read that it is the bloom that causes the ferment of the juice in the process of wine making. This would make it a sporadic body deposited from the air, for an exterior object, not a growth, and seems far-fetched; still I have not sufficient information to deny the proposed object; indeed, I am inclined to think that there may be something in it. Another object, is that the bloom is meant for ornamentation, was given to induce birds to eat the grapes, carry the seeds away and drop them perchance where they might spring up and grow, and clothe nature's waste places. Another motive and provision though, I think we may fairly claim, is for man's benefit. We must not snub our egotism too roughly. I refer to the aid the bloom gives in preserving grapes for winter use, for the long-keeping varieties are usually the ones that have the heaviest bloom; it seems to prevent the air from penetrating the skin. I therefore, conclude that this may be one of the principal objects.—*D. S. Marvin.*

Horticultural Notes.

CENTRAL and Northern Indiana experienced a killing frost on the 18th, which killed the peach blossoms which had expanded, and damaged cherries and plums. A HUNGARIAN who has twelve hundred grape vines at Chester, Conn., says Americans make the ground too rich for his fruit. He selected for his vineyard "land originally too poor to grow white beans."

SELF-BLANCHING varieties of celery are what gardeners call variations or sports, and are hard to keep for winter use, but answer well during the summer. A very little blanching is usually necessary to fit them for table use.

In California, where they raise great quantities of grapes, there is great cry about the excellence of the native vines. But seventy thousand gallons of anise dye is alleged to have been shipped to that State for adulterating the "pure native wines."

GEO. FOSTER thinks the Empire State grape combines most of the essential qualities of both fruit and vine, being a native variety of unquestioned hardiness, vigor and health, very productive, of fine appearance, and of flavor good enough for the most fastidious. It is a seedling of the Hartford Prolific fertilized with the Clinton, and fruited first in 1879.

GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, of Ohio, who lives in a region of rather severe winters, says that he is convinced that, taking one year with another, no work done in the vineyard would yield a larger return than that of pruning the vines as early as possible in autumn after the leaves have fallen, and then laying the vines upon the ground. Where there is enough snow to cover them during the coldest weather, it affords perfect protection, with a great increase of the crop; in the absence of snow, earth will suffice. But prostrating the vines without covering affords considerable protection.

THE N. E. Farmer says that as peas make their growth in a comparatively short time and the roots have little time to wander off in search of plant food it is better to drill in fertilizer with them than to spread it broadcast. Market gardeners prefer well rotted stable manure for this crop, in the drill, but good crops can be grown by using a quick-acting complete fertilizer, care being taken to have it mixed sufficiently with the soil so as not to destroy the seed. This can be done by sowing the fertilizer in the furrow and then running the furrower the second time through the row.

Apianian.

In exchanging brood and bees, great care should be exercised to avoid transmitting disease, especially foul brood. Inspect all such supplies carefully.

PROF. COOK thinks a distinction should be made between the oozing secretions of bark lice and aphides and the natural excretions of plants, which now are classed under the title of honey-dew. Honey made by bees feeding on this secretion is not of good quality.

DR. MILLER, of Marengo, Ill., says he never regretted taking bees out of the cellar too late in the spring, though he has regretted taking them out too early more than once. He now takes them out when the soft maples are in bloom, and even then sometimes finds it too early.

A WISCONSIN lady whose health required out of door employment, decided upon bee-keeping, and began as a novice, three years ago, with two colonies in box hives. She now has 41 colonies; the increase of the original two; and the surplus honey has averaged 82 pounds per colony, after deducting what was used in wintering.

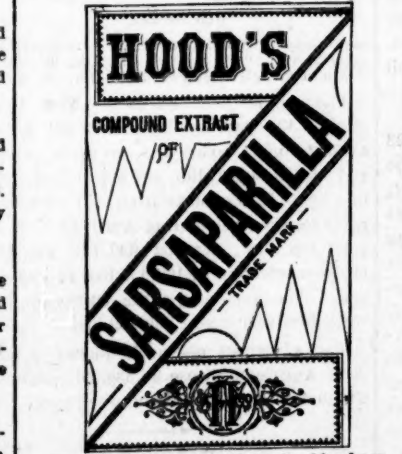
A CALIFORNIA man, gathering his pumpkins, describes a find of honey in a pumpkin placed in his wagon. He noticed bees issuing therefrom. Examination revealed the fact that the interior of the pumpkin was full of honey; in fact, it was a veritable beehive. The bees had gained access through a crack in one side of the vegetable, and had taken up permanent quarters. Eight pounds of fine honey were taken out, and the journal chronicling the same asks: "Is there any other land under the sun where the farmer can raise his own pumpkins and honey on the same vine?" Probably not. It beats the sweet pumpkin.

FRANK DOUGHERTY in the *Indiana Farmer*, says: "Nothing seems to irritate bees more than the breath, unless it be the jarring of the hives. If any one doubts this let them go to a hive on some quiet warm evening in July or August when the bees are quietly clustered on the outside of the hive, and quietly breathe on them; keep the face a foot or more away from them. Upon such a provocation each bee will buzz the wings and thrust out the sting, while a few more insults will send the cluster into an angry throng, running and flying about the hive ready to sting anything which is near. It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the beginner that both this and jarring the hives should be studiously avoided."

THE suit against Mr. Harrison, a Canadian bee-keeper, by a neighbor who claimed to be injured by the business of the former, was decided in favor of the plaintiff. The suit cost the defendant about \$700, while the plaintiff got off with about \$300 expenses. The suit grew out of a difficulty between the two, over a filthy hopen, which annoyed Mr. McIntosh, the plaintiff. He could not make Harrison abate that nuisance, but he fixed him on the bee question. The case will be appealed and further costs incurred, but Canadian apiarists do not seem inclined to rush to the aid of the beekeeper, since the case was decided on its merits and will not particularly affect the keeping of bees in general. Beekeepers will find it to their advantage, generally, to conciliate rather than to resort to law, since redress can be had where bees can be proved a nuisance.

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On receipt of 50c I will send post paid my book giving full directions for growing onions on Muck Soil. It gives directions for draining swamps, fitting them for garden use, and kinds of seeds to sow, implements to use, tilling, harvesting, housing, and selling the crop. Also a formula for a home-made fertilizer that costs only 50c per acre. Send postal note. Address G. C. TAYLOR, Ovid, Mich.

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For 18 Years our Great Specialty has been growing and distributing the most beautiful and standard roses in different sizes and prices to suit all. We have all the plants ready by mail, delivered to all points. 3 TO 12 PLANTS \$1.50 to \$2.50. Our New Guide, 88 pp., describes nearly 600 new varieties of Roses, and is sent free to all who send for a copy. Catalogue and Price List. The Dingee & Conard Co., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa. ju10c2w

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PEACH BASKETS. Fruit and Vegetable Containers of all kinds. Send for Catalogue and Price List. C. COLBY & CO., Benton Harbor, Mich. f14-11am4t

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Small Cash Payments, Balance on Long Time. IN THE STATES OF Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. For Description and Terms address, O. R. LOOKER, DETROIT, MICH. a14-4t

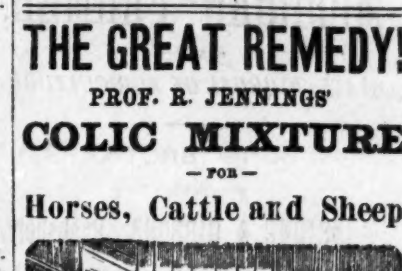
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When I figure I do not mean merely to stop them, but to cure them. I have made the disease of FITS, Epilepsy, and all kinds of nervous diseases, a long and weary war, and I have won the victory. I have cured many cases, and I am now curing more. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my "Little Remedy," give your name and Post Office. It costs nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address Dr. J. M. RICE, 125 West 1st St., New York.

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THE GREAT REMEDY!
PROF. R. JENNINGS' COLIC MIXTURE
FOR—
Horses, Cattle and Sheep

Over 150 Horses with Colic Treated in the Detroit Fire Department Without the Loss of a Single Animal. This assertion is verified by published Annual Reports of the transactions of the Detroit Board of Fire Commissioners. A record which challenges the world; better than any number of individual testimonials. It will Cure in Horses: Colic, Cramp, Indigestion, Diarrhea, Dysentery and Disordered Stomach or Bowels. It will Cure in Cattle: Indigestion, Colic, Hooves or Blows, Diarrhea or Dysentery. It will Cure in Sheep: Colic, Hooves, Diarrhea or Dysentery, when given according to directions.

IT WILL PAY

Every owner of a Horse, Cow or Sheep to keep this invaluable remedy always on hand for cases of emergency. Each bottle contains eight full doses for Horses and Cattle and sixteen doses for sheep. A single dose in Colic will give in time usually the desired effect. It will not spoil by age.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. Prepared only by Prof. R. Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon, 201 First St., Detroit, Mich. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

the sale of oleomargarine is prejudicial to the best interests of the people, and is obtaining of Americans information regarding the scientific tests employed in detecting it.

At the factory at Castleton, Pa., where postal cards are made for the government, from two to three tons of cards are manufactured daily. The annual manufacture is about 450,000,000 cards.

The Connecticut legislature does not propose to get left on the pass business. It has unanimously rejected a bill to prohibit railroads from issuing passes to members of the legislature and persons other than employees.

The treasury department at Washington is introducing the electric light into the building under its control. To use gas to light the New York postoffice costs \$60,000 per year, and the building can be illuminated by electricity for \$15,000.

Plumbers repairing the house of H. J. Peters, of Milwaukee, who was reported to be a union, and who died a year ago leaving a family in dire poverty, discovered an iron box under the cellar floor, in which was found \$20,000 in gold.

The fishing fleet of Yarmouth, N. S., put to sea to look after better traps after a heavy gale, last week, but the wind came up again, the vessels were separated, and a number of them wrecked. It is feared many men were drowned.

The steamer Bon Hope, loaded with 115,000 gallons of petroleum, took fire off Savannah last week, and was burned to the water's edge. The crew of captain and 18 men took to the boats, and, except five, whose fate is not known, are reported safe.

Word came from Tucson City, Arizona, last week, that eight men stopped an express train miles out of the city, and robbed the mail and express cars. They got about \$5,000. The express messenger saved \$3,500 in gold by throwing it into the water. None of the passengers were molested.

The President of the Taxpayers' Association at New York has preferred charges against the commissioner for omitting to assess property worth \$50,000,000. The Hudson River railroad company, worth over \$9,000,000, is not assessed at all; and the Vanderbilt estate of \$30,000,000, is rated at \$3,000,000.

It is said that two of the seven lost Mexican mines have been discovered by Americans. These mines were worked up to the middle of the last century, when the miners were driven out by Indians and the records lost. Recently, in an old chapel, the maps were found of the mines from which Jesuits took immense fortunes for the church.

The Mexicans have found something new in the way of amusement. Last week at the city of Mexico ten large electric lights illuminated the plaza and a bull-fight was the diversion of the evening. It was a great success from a Mexican standpoint, and four horses being killed and some of the swordsmen badly hurt.

The new mayor of Chicago recently instructed the Chief of Police to prepare a list of the names of persons who have been licensed. This was done so expeditiously that no one found out what was being done, and in consequence the names of the persons who were the worst drives of the city will be out of business in a few days.

The managers of the Wool-growers' and International Sheep Shearers' Association who met at St. Louis May 1st, are reported to have secured rates from railroads by which delegates will be carried at one and one-third fare on the certificate plan. The convention will be a very important one, and manufacturers and dealers in wool will meet with the producers, to consult upon the best means of promoting their mutual interests.

Foreign.

The pearl fishing fleet off the northeast coast of Australia, numbering forty boats, was caught in a hurricane on the 22nd and 500 persons perished.

Among the unfortunates who must suffer death because of complicity with the recent attempts upon the throne of the Czar, is a beautiful girl, whose youth and loveliness excite commiseration even among her stern judges.

Gladstone recently attended the "Wild West" show at London, a special performance being given for the amusement of the premier and his wife. It is by these "wild west" exhibitions that Englishmen get an idea of how the "blasted Yankees" live.

Adolf Housay, in a gossip letter in the Chicago Tribune says:

Prince Serge Galitzin, they say, is to be married again. This will be his fourth wife, and the other three are all living. What a picturesque rascal Prince Serge is! Though I don't know that he is any worse than plenty other Russian noblemen, including some Grand Dukes. Prince Serge, indeed, comes of an ancient and noble family, not very distinctly akin to royalty. He is also, or was, enormously rich. His first wife was a Bohemian beer-garden singer. He heard her in a saloon at Moscow, took a fancy to her pretty face, and married her. She was pretty certainly, and sang fairly well. But she was a peasant by birth, ignorant, and of questionable occupation, though there are some honest girls among prime donne. Still, I fancy she was the better of the two. After a time Prince Serge got tired of her and wanted a divorce. He couldn't bring anything against her, however, to entitle him to it, and she declined to kick over the matrimonial traces to oblige him. So he determined to drive her to get a divorce from him. This he did by bringing a notorious woman into the house and behaving toward her in the grossest manner under the very eyes of his wife. As a result she got a divorce from him, the Russian court decreeing that she should retain the title of Princess Galitzin, together with the priceless Galitzin jewels and the great Galitzin palace at Moscow, and that she should not marry again. The Princess is still living at Moscow with her children in wealth and honor. But in defiance of the decree Prince Serge went right off and got married again, this time to a French lady. Of course, the marriage was not legal, but that didn't matter. He stuck to her a year and then got tired, and forced her also to divorce him. But he had to pay for this divorce, too, the court decreeing her an indemnity of \$700,000, which she got and on which she is now living a merry life here in Paris.

A month or so later Prince Serge picked up wife No. 3 at Monte Carlo. He went to Italy with her in the winter and in the summer took her to one of his Russian estates in the Toulia district. But time has staled even her attractions, and they say he is going to make her divorce him so that he can get a fourth wife. No. 4 he was in the gambling salon there with another Russian Prince of similar proclivities. They noticed a handsome woman at the other side of the table. "I would like to marry her," remarked Serge. "So would I," replied his comrade. "Well," said Serge, "let us decide which of us shall have her. Let us begin with ten thousand rubles and play for half an hour, and the one who shall win at that time has the most money."

"But let us call her agreed to watch the play." This was done, and they set to work. Both lost steadily, but Prince Serge didn't lose as rapidly as his comrade. At the end of the half-hour Serge had nearly two-thirds of his money left, while his friend was almost entirely "cleansed out."

The lady accepted the conditions of the contest, and will presently, no doubt, figure as the nominal Princess Serge Galitzin No. 4.

PERCHERONS.

Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne Co., Mich., Savage & Farnum, Prop's.

IMPORTED & PURE-BRED PERCHERON HORSES

All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American Stud Books. New importations constantly arriving. We have one of the largest studs in the country to select from, including all ages, weights and colors, of both stallions and mares. Send for our Large Illustrated Cloth-Bound Catalogue which will be sent Free by Mail. We have some fine high-grade stallions and brood mares. Address, SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

GRAND PUBLIC SALE CHOICE PERCHERONS AT LOW PRICES.

This stock was imported expressly for T. W. Palmer's Font Hill breeding establishment, Woodward Avenue, Detroit, and is second to no other in this or any other country, it having stood the tests of comparison and competition at the great National Exhibition of American Horse Breeders' Association which was held in Chicago in 1886, and there securing the highest honors bestowed. At the head of the stud is

Anchorite, the First Prize Stallion of his Class at the Exhibition, and of whom the jury of award (consisting of representatives of the French, Ontario and United States Governments) impulsively exclaimed in their admiration, as he was led before them, "A Typical Percheron!" Among them is the beautiful mare

"Marie Antoinette," Awarded the Gold Medal of France for Best Percheron Mare of any age bred in America. Also young mares awarded various prizes both in this country and at the great concourse of France in 1886.

No catalogues. Call at No. 4 Merrill Block, or address FORD STARRING, Detroit, Mich.

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JERSEYS!

Choice animals and their progeny, imported direct from the Island of Jersey by Senator T. W. Palmer expressly for his Font Hill breeding establishment, Woodward Avenue, Detroit. Excellent breeding and individual merit the rule. Coomassie and Farmer's Glory the leading strains, with

GENERAL WOOLSELEY AT THE HEAD OF THE HERD. General Woolseley is the imported son of the most beautiful and noted prize winner of that name upon the Isle of Jersey. Choice young bulls and heifers for sale very low. No catalogues. Write or call upon

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HEREFORD CATTLE!

The Michigan Herd of Prize Winners. At the head stands Clarence Grove (9709), an imported son of the Grove dam Italy by Spartan (5009); assisted by Tom Wilson (9332), a son of the great Lord Wilton and full brother to Mr. Betman's Sir Alfred. Stock owned as follows: Lady Lass 2d, Grace 3d, Fair Maid 4th by Chancey 5th, Greenhorn 6th by Fair Prince, Barcelona Queen by Horace 7th, three grand merit, composed the breeding herd.

Choice Young Stock For Sale at Reasonable Prices. Write for Particulars.

M. L. RICE, Utica, Mich., BREEDER OF

White Plymouth Rocks

Winners of all principal premiums at Grand Rapids. Also prize-winning band and water fowls of twenty leading varieties. Eggs from my immense Mammoth Bantam Turkey \$3 per 11. Fowls, Rabbits and Fancy Pigeons, etc. Send stamp for handsome illustrated 24-page catalogue published; it gives full descriptions of all the above.

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We have for sale a few extra fine Young Holstein Bulls & Heifers

With Best Milk Record Ancestry. Write us for terms and prices.

ISLAND HOME Stock Farm, GROSSE ISLE, Wayne Co., MICH.

CITY OFFICE: CAMPA BUILDING, DETROIT, MICH. SAVAGE & FARNUM, Proprietors.

FOR SALE.

Having sold my farm I offer for sale two well-bred Shorthorn cows with calves by side, all registered in the Michigan State Fair in the past five years than any other herd. We breed only from animals of fine quality, as well as high-grade pedigree China swine. Write for prices, or come and see us. Special rates by express.

N. E. GIBBARD, Charlotte, Mich.

W. W. CRAPO. Flint, Mich., Hereford Cattle

These wishing to establish herds of the A. A. cattle would find it to their advantage to apply to R. C. AULD, Pinckney, Mich. Established in America, 1884.

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Stock recorded in Ohio Poland China Record. Correspondence and inspection invited. B. G. BUELL, Little Prairie Road, Cass Co., Mich.

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For the leading varieties of high class Poultry—Wyandottes, White and Standard Plymouth Rocks, Partridge Cochins, Rose-Cocks, white and single comb, Black Leghorns, Houdans, S. H. Hamburgs, Pekin Ducks and Bronze Turkeys. Eggs for hatching, address, BOX 463, Romeo, Mich.

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A. COOK, Brooklyn, Jackson Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, good families represented. Bull Major Coker head of herd. Choice young bulls for sale. A231y

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B. J. B. HATCHER, Oceola Center, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Young Mary and Young Phyllis families, with the Renick Rose of Sharon bull. Shropshire sheep and Essex swine. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Also registered Merino sheep. my15-6m

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G. W. ARMS, Portland, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, the Shropshire sheep and Essex swine, Stock Farm, near Detroit, Mich. Correspondence solicited. Jerome.

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JAMES McCREGG & SON, Metamora, Lapeer Co., breeder of registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. my15-6m

J. E. ROGERS, Saline, Washington Co., breeder of thoroughbred Merino registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. my15-6m

J. O. THOMPSON, Romeo, Macomb County, breeder of Thoroughbred Registered Merino Sheep; also Poland-China Hogs. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. my15-6m

J. EVARTS SMITH, Ypsilanti, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep, registered in Vermont. Also registered Merino sheep, also registered and descended from Vermont flocks. Also registered Poland-China hogs. Stock for sale. my15-6m

J. S. WOOD, Saline, Washington Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. my15-6m

R. HATHAWAY, Addison, Lenawee Co., Mich., breeder of Thoroughbred Registered Merino Sheep, registered in Vermont and Michigan. Also registered Merino sheep, also registered and descended from Vermont flocks. Also registered Poland-China hogs. Stock for sale. my15-6m

S. O. LOMBARD, Addison, Lenawee Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. my15-6m

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S. O. LOMBARD, Addison, Lenawee Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. my15-6m

Galloways.

R. R. CARUS, Essex, Clinton Co., St. Johns Merino sheep and Essex hogs. Correspondence solicited. my15-6m

HOGS.—Berkshires & Suffolks.

A. W. COOLEY, Coldwater, Branch Co., breeder of pure Berkshire and Suffolk hogs, large size and very best strains. Hogs of the young breeding stock for sale at reasonable prices. All of my breeders are recorded in the American Berkshire Record. Write for prices. my15-6m

A. & H. C. WRIGHT, Grand Blanc, breeders and shippers of pure-bred Essex swine. Choice young stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. my15-6m

Poetry.

"BOOK LARNIN'."

Book larnin' is a bully thing for the chap what's got the brains. An' the common sense to know it, but it isn't worth the pains. An' 'chink an' time it takes to get it, if a man don't know the way. To keep it in its proper place, an' use it where it'll pay.

My brother had a youngster as was allus goin' to school. He went clean through the college an' come out a regular fool. He could reel off Latin languages an' talk up lands an' law. But when it comes to workin' he wuzent worth a straw.

He got an idee in his head that work was a disgrace. The law, he said, was his perches, so he ups and gets a place.

In a city lawyer's office, an' began his legal course. That landed him in just one year within his father's doors.

He's livin' with his father now, an' the time an' money spent. Fer to get his education hasn't panned out worth a cent.

It was castin' on the waters bread that's never returned. For there's nary a single blessin' come from all that stuff he learned.

But not a speck of larnin' had his younger brother, Bill.

'Cept a term or so one winter at the school house on the hill.

An' he's worth about a dozen uv his worthless brother's make.

Fer he's jest chock full uv common sense, an' that's what takes the cake.

Now of Bill he had the larnin' as was in his brother's pate. He'd been a man uv power—maybe Guvnor of the State.

But in spite uv all his ignorance he made a good success.

An' he's got the finest farm in all the country, too, I guess.

My idee is that of a boy hain't got no common sense.

An' only 'nuff git up about him fer to set round on the fence.

It ain't no use to send him off to take a college course.

Fer it jest can't make him better, an' it's bound to make him worse.

A FAREWELL TO LIFE.

"Farewell Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Throning shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Through the early odor grows—
I smell the mold above the rose!

Welcome Life! The spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows of the morn;
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfumes for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mold."

—Tom Hood.

Miscellaneous.

FAN.

'Member Charley Lott's wife? Sakes alive, course you don't! It's nigh twenty year sence he brought her home. Lord, how old Ant Lott stormed. I can see that old woman now, runnin' round to the neighbors, bemoanin'.

She came through the parter where I was layin' with Cy Mallet, on her way over to Mrs. Potter's. I hollered out 'Ant!' Lord knows why we all called her 'Ant'; she was everything but an Ant to folks—I hear Charley's gone 'n' got married."

"Yes."

"An' to Fan Lott?"

"Low enough?" sez the old woman.

"Wal, Charley sin't no very high," I answered rather spitefully, for he was the latest critter I ever seed.

"He's my youngest, the last o' my flock," groaned the old woman; "I'd a worked for him to the end o' my days; but now?" She shook her fist, an' what a twinkle that fist 'n' her tears, I couldn't tell as she was most mad or grieved.

"Twas mad, though. But it didn't last long on Charley; it all got spilt on poor Fan. Ant was a smart woman, an' jled nothin' better 'n to read the papers 'n git into a discussion. Couldn't she argue, though! The very parson couldn't prove he'd a soul or there was any heaven or hell, when Ant Lott held o' him. Yes, ye say true; he did reel 'n' he was in a kind o' hell then; Lord, yes! but it wasn't agoin' to let 'n' twas so! She was sot aginst the government, 'n' s'clety, 'n' the church, 'n' education, 'n' fact, 'bout ev'rythin' goin'. Nothin' was right, 'n' she could prove it wasn't. I never knew her to 'low there was but one thing right in the 'low 'vangel world, 'n' that was God. She hedn't got so low down as to say anything aginst Him. But ef she'd ben parlie' herself, she couldn't have set down no harder on folks' failins'. Ye can 'magine inter what kind o' a neest poor Fan come. Poor Fan! She'd ben a depot gal, tendin' tables there, 'n' her reputation wasn't o' the best.

I allers pitted them depot gals. Ef any o' 'em was smilin' 'n kinder decent to a feller, ten to one they was took advantage of. Plenty o' men mean enough to try kiss a girl out o' brass, 'cause she stan's in a public place. I never b'lieved no harm o' Fan. I seed her once slap a feller square in the face for an insolent word. But folks would have it she wasn't all right, fer she's given ter foolin' an' would git pooty high-tighly now an' then. But, lor! some gals haint no more harm 'n their hearts than way then a frisky young lamb. It's the same kind o' bubble 'n' over 'n' both.

Fan hed mighty soft gray eyes, an' when ye looked inter 'em an' saw her red lips tremblin' 'n' if they wanted ter lart right out, 't was as 'freshing a sight as ye'd ark to see. 'T was a e'prise to ev'rybody when she married Charley. He wasn't known to 've ben waitin' on her. Course his folks all thought she'd drawn the wool over his eyes. Ant was wus of all. But nobody, not blind, could help seein' he's dead in love with her. I never see such a happy look as his'n, weeks after the marriage, an' his ralin' 'n' to the contra' notwithstanding! She began on thet, with a never-to-be-let-up in it. Fan—wal, it 'peared not to signify

much to Fan, so long as Charley looked happy. So the two was like a pair of kids a good while after many a married couple, with somethin' better than a mother-in-law's ralin' to begin with, gits marster tired o' themselves.

But 'twasn't in nature that this would last. Charley was lazy as all time, as I said. An' was right when she said there'd be two to sport now 'stead o' one. Fan warn't to blame; I happened to know Charley promised all sorts o' fine things, 'specially one she was sot on—thet he'd work hard 'n' not let the old woman sport 'em. He did work off an' on fur a while; but when laziness 'n' ingrained in the bone, no even a woman's love, pooty drillin' 'n' 'tis, is going to blast it out.

'Twas a little farm where they lived, and when Fan found Charley slackin' in she turned to an' planted 'n' need. 'T would a changed the mind of a man who didn't b'lieve in the hull possession of the devil to a 'seen ant then an' hear her say, "Saves her right!"

By and by, Fan was obliged to give up farm-work; an' though all work was wearyin' to her, she did what she could. 'Twas huckleberry time, an' thet gal picked berries to sell to the neighbors as long as she could get to the parsters. I happened that summer not to drive with work, an' many a time did I go out an' help that poor gal unbeknownst to ennybody, lettin' her rest what she could under the shade o' the trees.

It got round that Charley had gone back on his wife. So long as she was well an' lively he could stan' the pressure of his mother's tongue; but with her lookin' feeble an' kin' o' sorrowful at him, he begun to feel he had made a fool o' hisself marryin'. Just as his mother had dinged at him from the fust. He got surly, 'n' left off his soft ways to Fan. I s'pose them soft ways caught her. Ever think that there's no critter to match a lazy man for soft, coddlin' ways? Ye he was allers hard on her, but didn't ant's tongue was then faster than ever? Hadn't she allers said Charley'd ben imposed on? Soon's Fan got well, she should leave 'em bag 'n' baggage.

But the little thing didn't live more 'n a month. How Fan took it as ef she'd clean lost ev'ry thing. Aunt didn't scroople to say 't was a 'spensation to be glad of—ef folks believed in 'spensations. Fur her part, she thought, the Almighty 'd better business than tendin' to siah critters as Fan was. She'd never 'low as Fan's name was Lott.

Wal, time went on, an' Fan dragged on a miserable 'xistence. Charley's fits o' goodness grew skurser 'n skurser. His sulkiness an' his laziness made a team, an' 'twas said that many a time he hinted that he wished she'd clear out, though he didn't reelly say it.

'Bout ev'ry two years a little one was born, but they all follered the fust, 'cep' one, a weakly mite o' a gal Fan 'bout worshiped. After this one grew big enough so she could leave it, how that woman did work! She never said nothin', but we all knew she was sot on arlin' her livin' 'n' Effie's.

She went out arlin' 'n' Effie's, 'n' doin' ev'rythin' that she could hire out to do. She worked in the fields, she picked berries, an' I've met her many a time luggin' home dead wood from Mallet's timber, fur he told her Charley might have all he could pick up there. She was the pity of folks fur her, they allers was glad to do her a favor. 'Member once helpin' her hum with a sizable log, but I met ant 'fore we got to the farm an' she give me a cut 'bout hangin' 'round arter married women. She said somethin' was to Fan, 'n' I hung back from doin' her favors arter that.

Charley never spoke to me decent ag'in. Nothing so made a man as to do a kindness to the wife he hates. Hates? Wal, yes; he'd 'bout come to thet. She prob'ly didn't git a fair word from one year's end to another. But she bore up. Folks said 'twas 'cause she forgot herself workin', but I think 'twas 'cause she was doin' fer Effie 'n' him. Yes, she was still thet sot on him; an' he acterly used her money to dress a little spruener than ant's means allowed.

But a great blow came to poor Fan. Arter she lost her last baby she took sick. She didn't go to bed, as most allin' women do, but tried to keep it didn't mount to much. But it sorer sarved to ease her mind. Months went on an' she didn't grow no better.

I called in there one day on an arnest for neighbor Mallet. I own I did it more to git in an edgeway word o' comfort to Fan, if possible. Course I 'xpected nothin' but tantis from her. Fan was layin' on the lounge an' I was putterin' 'bout some cookin' on the stove—porridge fur Fan, I guess, fur 'fore I could tell my arrans she blurted out somethin' 'bout hev'n to slave fur low-lived critters. Fan looked like death. "S'pose ye mean Charley," sez I, "he 'bout as low-lived as any one I know, runnin' his wife, body 'n' soul."

I felt that nothin' could make things worse 'n they was, an' p'raps the truth might wake a spark o' human natur in 'em. I knew Charley was listenin' in the next room.

"Lord!" cried the old woman, "air eny o' ye neighbors hankerin' arter the wife he's got, or, rather, who gack her? We're welcome to her, 'n' the sooner ye pack her off the better."

"Yes," drawled Charley, from the next room, though he didn't durst to show his shame-faced countenance to me. "I've come to jest thet conclusion myself."

"What?" cried Fan, startin' and turnin' red all over, "do ye say thet, Charley?"

"I do!"

"Let me hear him say it jest once agin, fust!"

"Let me hear him say it jest once agin, fust!"

"Let me hear him say it jest once agin, fust!"

"Let me hear him say it jest once agin, fust!"

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"Let me hear him say it jest once agin, fust!"

"Let me hear him say it jest once agin, fust!"

"Let me hear him say it jest once agin, fust!"

the old woman afore. That seemed to revive ant. She looked up, and, smilin' kind o' faintly, said:

"Poor Fan! Do you reelly sot by me so? Poor gal!"

Then Fan said, kinder timid-like, as how she was glad she wasn't goin' to leave her as Charley did. Ant seemed to be thinkin'; then she drawed herself up straighter an' sez she—'n' I knew how hard it come fur her to say it—

"Fan, I've ben orful mean on ye; but, please the Lord, I'll make it up what I am afore I die."

Then she drew Fan's face down to her 'n' kissed it. Poor Fan! She larfed 'n' cried both to once; an' I felt so mean, seein' her takin' on so, I slunk away.

The next day, as I happen to know, ant called in a lawyer, an' she made her will. She owned her little place clear, and hed a few hundred dollars 'n' the bank. She will'd all to her 'dear an' honored darter Fan. Fan didn't know of it then; but she was satisfied with what the old woman had said. No two people ever lived fur one another as them two people did. But ant was failin', at the end o' a year she died.

Fan bore up pooty well. Folks said 'twas 'cause she felt she had done her duty, but I know 'twas 'cause she had won thet old woman's love. Tell ye what, 'tis love thet does the business, ev'ry time 'n' this world. Mightn't give the will did fur her, it couldn't give the satisfaction thet did. Course the rest of ant's flock—they was six or seven on 'em—tried to dispute the will, but 'twas fixed up tight 'n' couldn't be broke.

Nothin' like a gray-eyed woman fur stickin' to them she's fond of! Never married arter, do ye ask? Course not! Who do ye s'pose she'd a married?—N. Y. News.

Wrinkles.

Wrinkles are the bete noir of ladies who have lost the freshness of youth, and the feminine world has long sought some harmless means of eradicating them. The salad mixer proposes to reveal the secret of their prevention and win enduring fame. Wrinkles are due to the gradual wearing away of flesh underneath the cuticle. Why does it wear away? Because the facial muscles have either too little or the wrong kind of exercise. It will be observed that wrinkles usually take a downward course. This is due to the wrong kind of exercise. What exercise? Why the washing and the wiping of the face, to be sure. Reverse the process, and instead of rubbing the face down in washing and wiping, always rub upward. This will have the effect of counteracting the tendency of the flesh to depart from under the cuticle and will keep the face free from wrinkles. It is rather an awkward habit to acquire at first, but perseverance will make it second nature and the result is worth many pains. This exercise is designed particularly for the benefit of the eyes and the upper portion of the cheeks. Then, for the middle and lower portion of the face, where hollowness rather than wrinkles is often noted, another plan must be taken. The facial muscles are subjected to very slight activity in the ordinary exertions of eating and talking. To fill the cheeks out plump and round it is necessary to develop the muscles there. These muscles are very slight at the best, and any special effort well directed will increase them in capacity and size. An excellent exercise for this purpose is this:—Take a piece of soft leather—kid or chamois skin, will do—and put the end of it between the teeth; then chew gently upon it for several minutes, taking care not to raise the teeth from the leather. If the teeth are raised it will bring into play only the ordinary muscles of mastication, whereas the purpose is to develop those that are seldom used. One who tries this method will find the cheek going through a queer action that is anything but graceful and pretty; nevertheless, it is immensely effective and will restore to the youthful plumpness even the most hollow cheek. Try it faithfully and you will be convinced.—Toledo Blade.

I told her I hedn't heard so, but I'd find out. Thet very day I went over to ant's, an' sure 'nough Charley did seem pooty miserable. Said 'twas nothin', guessed he'd kinder run down. I sent word to Fan, an' nothin' would suit her but to hear from him ev'ry day. I kep' myself posted, but 'twasn't often I could send her a good word.

Fact was, he was gettin' sicker, an' it looked as ef 'twas consumption. Ant was about willin', 'n' sent fur all the doctors fur an' near; soulded 'em, 'n' cried over Charley. All to no good. He fin'ly tuk to his bed. Ant fussed over him nigh 'n' day. She'd a time now fur arguments. You'd a thought there's nothin' in the hull world but that there sick man. She never looked at the papers. No, sir-ree. She hedn't the 'possibility of ralin' at the wrong in the world. Now, ye ever notice them kind o' folks? Let a little adversity come, an' whoop! the world may go to destruction fur all they mind. Ant afore ye'd s'posed nothin' d' straighten things 'cep' their waggin' tongues.

Charley didn't git no better. One day ant, in goin' down cellar fur somethin' fur him, fell on the stairs, and when she come to found herself on the bottom an' her leg broke.

'Twas hours 'fore any one come to the house an' both she an' Charley was mighty sick arterwards.

Folks proposed Fan should be sent for, but ant wouldn't hear of it. One help arter 'nother was hired an' then ant began to pick up a little. Charley was growin' wuss. The help all turned out miserble. At last ant was forced to consent that Fan should be asked to come. Prob'ly Charley'd ben willin' long before ef it hedn't been fur his mother.

I hated druffly fur to have Fan go, but, Lord! you should a seen the happiness o' thet woman when she was told as she was wanted. Her eyes sparkled 'n' she looked fur all the world as she did 'fore she was married.

I drew her over. I knew I shouldn't hev such a chance agin. She acterly larfed on the way, an' said she knew she could nuss Charley wal.

Ant met her, gruff as ever, but Charley cried like a baby, an' he said somethin' low down to her, but I knew 'bout what it was, jedgin' fur her looks.

Wal, sir, I orter her, ef I was ennythin' o' a man!

The day that woman nussed 'em? Nigh't an' day, day an' night, up-stairs an' down-stairs, trodgin' to town an' back; she grugged ennythin' other folks could do, an' nothin' seemed to tire her. But she couldn't nuss Charley wal, no, sir. 'N less than three months we looked ev'ry day to hear he's gone. But nobody could make Fan b'lieve the truth. An' when he did die, she jest went out of her head fur awhile.

Ant got so as she could limp 'round, but, bein' old, she couldn't be 'xpected to 'cooperate like young folks. She never got the proper use of her leg agin. Course she was feeble an' a sort o' burden; an' I think thet was what called Fan back to herself.

She tuk to waitin' on the old woman with double care, an' she seem to find more happiness 'n thet then 'n tendin' to Effie. She acterly seemed to live 'n breathe in ant, an' when she wasn't doin' fur her seemed kinder lost. Ant never got fully over her hate o' Fan till then; but, seein' what she was to the poor woman, ant quite broke down.

I happen to drop in once, an' see a sight as I shan't never forget. The old woman hedn't a sort o' faintin' fit; an' Fan was tryin' to bring her to. She thought she was dead, an' the poor critter's tears streamed like a brook, an' she was a kisin', an' 'huggin' her, an' cryin'.

"Oh, don't die! don't die!"

"I don't b'lieve she'd ever durst to kiss

THE TELEGRAPHIC SIGNAL.

John Mills, the hero of this sketch, was a railroad engineer, and had been for a long time in the company's employ. When the new engine "59" was completed and placed on the road, John was given charge of it, and he evinced a natural pride in his preference. At one of the stations there was a young girl, a telegraph operator, between whom and the engineer there had sprung up a warm attachment, and whenever "59" came along, Kate generally managed to be at the door and exchange signals with her lover. One day the train was detained at the station, and the locomotive detached and sent up the road to do additional work, and Kate went along for a ride.

As she listened to the sharp, shrill notes of the whistle, it occurred to her that she might teach John to sound her name in the Morse telegraphic characters, so that she could distinguish his signal from that of the other engines, whenever his train approached. The plan worked to a charm, and far ant near the whistle shrieked K-a-t-e, until one day, as the operator stepped on the platform, she overheard a conversation between two young men, and learned that they understood the signal and were laughingly wondering who Kate could be. Their means of communication having been discovered, they were obliged to discontinue it. In the meantime Kate had, by means of the telegraph, made the acquaintance of a young lady, in a distant city; but whom she had never seen, and to her she made known the fact that the secret had been discovered. Then her friend suggested a plan as brilliant as it was ingenious. It was simply to arrange a means of telegraphic communication between the approaching train and the station, so as to ring a bell hidden away in the closet in Kate's office, engine "59" being the only one provided with means of completing the circuit, which was done by laying the poker upon the tender-brake so as to touch the wire in passing. Kate found an opportunity to acquaint John with the proposed plan, and in the meantime had found an abandoned wire which ran for a long distance close by the track, and which she proposed to use for carrying out her purpose. Thanksgiving day came soon after, and John fortunately having a holiday, he and Kate went bravely to work, and before the day had ended the task was a complete success. The dramatic finale of their love episode is told in the following:

It was singular how absent-minded and inattentive the operator was on the day that the great scientific enterprise was finished. No wonder she was disturbed. Would the new line work? Would her little battery be strong enough for such a great circuit? Would John be able to close it? The people began to assemble for the train. The clock pointed to the hour for its arrival.

Suddenly, with startling distinctness, the bell rang clear and loud in the echoing room. With a cry of delight she put on her dainty hat and ran in haste out upon the platform. The whistle broke loud and clear on the cool, crisp air, and "59" appeared round the curve in the woods. The splendid moment slid swiftly up to her feet and paused.

"Perfect, John! Perfect! It works to a charm."

With a spring she reached the cab and sat down on the fireman's seat.

"Blessed if I could tell what he was going to do," said the fireman. "He told me about it. A awful bright idee! You see, he laid the poker on the tender-brake there, and it hit the tree slant, and I saw the wires touch. It was just prime!"

But the happy moments sped, and "59" groaned and slowly departed, while Kate stood on the platform, her face wreathed in smiles and white steam.

So the lovers met each day, and none knew how she was made aware of his approach with such absolute certainty. Science applied to love, or rather love applied to science, can move the world.

Two weeks passed, and then there suddenly arrived at the station, late one evening, a special with the directors' car attached. The honorable directors were hungry—they always are—and would pause on their journey and take a cup of tea and a bit of supper. The honorables and their wives and children filled the station, and the place put on quite a gala aspect.

As for Kate, she demurely sat in her den, book in hand, and over its unred pages admired the gay party in the brightly lighted waiting-room.

Suddenly, with furious rattle, her electric bell sprang into noisy life. Every spark of color left her face, and her book fell with a dusty clatter to the floor. What was it? What did it mean? Who rang it? With a frightful face she burst from her office and rushed through the astonished people and out upon the snow-covered platform. There stood the directors' train upon the track of the on-coming train.

"The conductor! Where is he? Oh, sir! Start! Start! Get to the siding! The express is coming!"

With a cry she snatched a lantern from a brakeman's hand, and in a flash was gone. They saw her light pitching and dancing through the darkness, and they were lost in wonder and amazement. The girl is crazy! No train is due now! There can be no danger. She must be—

Ah! that horrible whistle. Such a wild shriek on a winter's night! The men sprang to the train, and the women and children fled in frantic terror in every direction.

"Run for your lives!" screamed the conductor.

"There's a smash up coming!"

A short sharp scream from the whistle. The headlights gleamed on the snow covered track, and there was a mad rush of sliding wheels and the gigantic engine roared like a demon. The great "59" slowly drew near and stopped in the woods. A hundred heads looked out, and a stalwart figure leaped down from the engine and ran into the bright of the headlights.

"Kate!"

"Oh, John, I—"

She fell into his arms senseless and white, and the lantern dropped from her nerveless hand.

They took her up tenderly and bore her into the station house and laid her on the sofa in the "ladies' room." With hushed voices they gathered round to offer aid and comfort. Who was she? How did she save the train? How did she know of its approach? "She is my daughter," said the old station master. "She tends the telegraph."

The president of the railroad, in his gold

bowed spectacles, drew near. One grand lady in silk and satin pillored Kate's head on her breast. They all gathered near to see if she revived. She opened her eyes and gazed about dreamily, as if in search of something.

"Do you wish anything, my dear?" said the President, taking her hand.

"Some water, if you please, sir; and I want—I want—"

"Are you looking for any one, Miss?"

"Yes—no—it is no matter. Thank you, ma'am, I feel better. I sprained my foot on the sleeper when I ran down the track. It is not severe, and I'll sit up."

They were greatly pleased to see her recover, a quiet buzz of conversation filled the room. How did she know it? How could she tell the special was chasing us? Good heavens! If she had not known it, what an awful loss of life there would have been. It was very careless in the superintendent to follow our train in such a reckless manner.

"You feel better, my dear," said the President.

"Yes, sir, thank you. I'm sure I'm thankful. I knew John—I mean the engine was coming."

"You cannot be more grateful than we are to you for averting such a disastrous collision."

"I'm sure, I am pleased, sir. I never thought the telegraph—"

She paused abruptly.

"What telegraph?"

"I'd rather not tell, sir."

"But you will tell us how you know the engine was coming?"

"Must you know?"

"We ought to know in order to reward you properly."

She put out her hand in a gesture of refusal, and was silent. The President and directors consulted together, and two of them came to her and briefly said they would be glad to know how she had been made aware of the approaching danger.

"Well, sir, if John is willing, I will tell you all." John Mills, the engineer, was called, and he came in, cap in hand, and the entire company gathered round in the greatest eagerness.

Without the slightest affectation, she put her hand on John's grimy arm, and said: "Shall I tell them, John? They wish to know about it. It saved their lives, they say."

"And mine, too," said John, reverently. "You had best tell them, or let me."

She sat down again, and then and there John explained how the open circuit line had been built, how it was used, and frankly told why it had been erected.

Never did story create profecred sensation. The gentlemen shook hands with him, and the President actually kissed her for the company. A real corporation kiss, long and hearty. The ladies fell upon her neck, and actually cried over the splendid girl. Even the children pulled her dress, and put up their arms about her neck, and kissed away the happy tears that covered her cheeks.

Poor child! She was covered with confusion, and knew not what to say or do, and looked imploringly to John. He drew near and proudly took her hand in his, and she brushed away the tears and smiled.

The gentlemen

